

Scena septima.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. Counsaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girl, assist me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To lesson me, and tell me some good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A journey to my louing *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To measure Kingdomes with his feeble steps,
Much lesse shall she that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one so deere,
Of such diuine perfection as *Sir Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear, till *Protheus* make returne.

Iul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldst as soone goe kinde fire with snow
As seeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.

Luc. I doe not seeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Left it should burne about the bounds of reason.

Iul. The more thou dam'st it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'st) being stop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enameld stones,
Giuing a gentle kisse to every sedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage,
And so by many winding nookes he straites
With willing sport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my course:
He be as patient as a gentle fireame,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step haue brought me to my Loue,
And there he rest, as after much turmoile
A blessed soule doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?

Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The loose encounters of lasciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weedes
As may besee me some well reputed Page.

Luc. Why then your Ladship must cut your haire.

Iul. No girl, he knit it vp in silken strings,
With twentie od-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion (Madam) shall I make your bree-

Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compasse will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what fashion thou best likes (*Lucetta*.)

Luc. You must needs haue the with a cod-peece (Ma-
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfaourd. (dam)
Luc. A round hofe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnlesse you haue a cod-peece to stick pins on.

Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'st me let me haue
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly,
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking so vnstaid a journey?

I feare me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you thinke so, then stay at home, and goe not.

Iul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:

If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,

No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:

I feare me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Iul. That is the least (*Lucetta*) of my feare:

A thousand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,

And instances of infinite of Loue,

Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are seruants to deccitfull men.

Iul. Bafe men, that vse them to so bafe effect:

But truer starres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,

His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,

His loue sincere, his thoughts immaculate,

His teares, pure messengers, sent from his heart,

His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.

Luc. Pray heaue'n he proue so when you come to him.

Iul. Now, as thou lou'st me, do him not that wrong,

To beare a hard opinion of his truth:

Onely deserue my loue, by louing him,

And presently goe with me to my chamber

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me vpon my longing journey:

All that is mine I leaue at thy dispose,

My goods, my Lands, my reputation,

Onely, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence:

Come; answer not: but to it presently,

I am impatient of my tarriance.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine,
Lawnce, Speed.

Duke. *Sir Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue some secrets to confer about.

Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold discouer,

The Law of friendship bids me to conceale,

But when I call to minde your gracious fauours

Done to me (vndersewing as I am)

My dutie prickes me on to vtter that

Which else, no worldly good should draw from me:

Know (worthy Prince) *Sir Valentine* my friend

This night intends to steale away your daughter:

My selfe am one made priuy to the plot.

I know you haue determin'd to bestow her

On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,

And should she thus be stolne away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus (for my duties sake) I rather chose

To crosse my friend in his intended drift,

Then (by concealing it) heap on your head

A pack of sorrowes, which would presse you downe

(Being vnpreuented) to your timelesse graue.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I liue.

This loue of theirs, my selfe haue often scene,

Haply when they haue judg'd me fast asleepe,

And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir

Sir Valentine her companie, and my Court.

But fearing lest my ielous ayme might erre,

And so (vnworthily) disgrace the man

(A rashnesse that I euer yet haue shun'd)

I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde

That which thy selfe hast now disclos'd to me.

And that thou maist perceiue my feare of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soone suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,

The key whereof, my selfe haue euer kept:

And thence she cannot be conuay'd away.

Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuiz'd a meane

How he her chamber-window will ascend,

And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:

For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently.

Where (if it please you) you may intercept him.

But (good my Lord) doe it so cunningly

That my discouery be not aimed at:

For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he shall neuer know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my Lord, *Sir Valentine* is coming.

Duke. *Sir Valentine*, whether away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a Messenger

That stayes to beare my Letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliuer them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenure of them doth but signifie

My health, and happy being at your Court.

Duke. Nay then no matter: stay with me a while,

I am to breake with thee of some affaires

That touch me neere: wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue sought

To match my friend *Sir Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well (my Lord) and sure the Match

Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman

Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities

Beseeming such a Wife, as your faire daughter:

Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peeuish, fullen, froward,

Prowd, disobedient, stubborne, lacking duty,

Neither regarding that she is my childe,

Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:

And may I say to thee, this pride of hers

(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,

And where I thought the remnant of mine age

Should haue bene cherish'd by her child-like durie,

I now am full resolu'd to take a wife,

And turne her out, to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:

For me, and my possessions she esteemes not.

Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?

Duke. There is a Lady in Verona heere

Whom I affect: but she is nice, and coy,

And naught esteemes my aged eloquence.

Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor

(For long agoe I haue forgot to court,

Besides the fashion of the time is chang'd)

How, and which way I may bestow my selfe

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words,

Dumbe Jewels often in their silent kinde

More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.

Duke. But she did scorne a present that I sent her,

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best cōtents her.

Send her another: neuer giue her ore,

For scorne at first, makes after-loue the more.

If she doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to beget more loue in you.

If she doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,

For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, what euer she doth say,

For, get you gon, she doth not meane away.

Flatter, and praise, commend, extoll their graces:

Though nere so blacke, say they haue Angells faces,

That man that hath a tongue, I say is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I meane, is promis'd by her friends

Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so sheluing, that one cannot climbe it

Without apparant hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords

To cast vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,

Would serue to scale another *Hero's* towre,

So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.

Duke. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood

Aduise me, where I may haue such a Ladder.

Val. When would you vse it? pray sit, tell me that.

Duke. This very night: for Loue is like a childe

That longs for euery thing that he can come by.

Val. By seauen a clock, ile get you such a Ladder.

Duke. But harken thee: I will goe to her alone,

How shall I best conuey the Ladder thither?

Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it

Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloake as long as thine will serue the turne?

Val. I my good Lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloake,

Ile get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloake will serue the turn (my Lord)

Duke. How shall I fashion me to weare a cloake?

I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.

What Letter is this same? what's here? to *Silvia*?

And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,

Ile be so bold to breake the seale for once.

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And stanes they are to me, that send them flying.
Oh, could their Master come, and goe as lightly,
Himselfe would lodge where (sencels) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure bosome rest-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curse the grace, that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my selfe doe want my seruants fortune.
I curse my selfe, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their Lord should be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night I will enfranchise thee.
'Tis so: and heere's the Ladder for the purpose.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* sonne)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

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Goe